

THE CHINOOK ADVANCE

Vol. 22

Chinook, Alberta, Thursday August 28 1941

LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. Geo. Anderson left Friday night to rejoin her husband at Victoria after spending a few weeks visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Milligan of Chinook.

Mr. W. J. Gallagher left on Thursday night to report for duty with the Royal Canadian Air Force at its Calgary headquarters.

Miss Phyllis Kidd of Merid Sask. is visiting at the Zawasky home this week.

Mrs. W. J. Gallagher and Patsy returned last week from a short visit to Calgary and Turner Valley.

Mrs. M. C. Nicholson spent a few days in Calgary last week.

Mrs. Jas. Aitken entertained on Tuesday afternoon at tea in honor of her house guests, the Misses Aitken, of Vancouver.

The Ladies' Card Club will resume its regular weekly meetings next Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. Robinson.

Mr. Watson has taken over the position of station night man which was left vacant by the enlistment of Walter Gallagher.

Mrs. E. C. Pfeiffer entertained Monday afternoon at tea in honor of her sister-in-law, Miss B. Pfeiffer of Chicago, who is visiting here.



Grain Storage
Beyond a doubt, the safest place to store grain is in a licensed country or terminal elevator. However, it is not unlikely that considerable quantities will, of necessity, be stored on the farm.

If sound weather-proof farm storage is inadequate, information on suitable inexpensive structures will be welcome.
An excellent bulletin, entitled "Storing Grain on the Farm," has been issued by the Manitoba Department of Agriculture and Immigration, Winnipeg. Several types of temporary and permanent structures are described and illustrated, together with details on construction. There are few, if any, farmers to whom this bulletin will not be of use. Morris bins, snow fence bins and woven wire bins are not costly and, if properly constructed, will keep grain in good condition. They must, of course, be covered with hay, straw or shavings.
Circular No. 34, distributed by the Agricultural Extension Service, Department of Agriculture, Edmonton, also contains a number of useful suggestions, particularly respecting coverings for temporary bins and protection against damage to grain at bin bottoms caused by soil moisture. It is unwise to leave grain on the field in unprotected piles. It can be protected at very small cost by methods described in the two above-mentioned publications.

For special problems, information can be obtained from Departments of Agricultural Engineering at the Universities of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba (Edmonton, Saskatoon and Winnipeg, respectively).

PUBLIC SALE OF LANDS UNDER THE TAX RECOVERY ACT

VILLAGE OF CHINOOK

Notice is hereby given, that under the provisions of The Tax Recovery Act, 1934, the Village of Chinook will offer for sale by public auction, at the office of the Secretary-Treasurer, Chinook, Alberta, on the 13th day of September, 1941, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the following lands:

Lots	Block	Plan	Lots	Block	Plan
1; 2; 5; 6; 8; 9; 12; 13	1	2231 BA	4; 5; 8; 22 and 23	5	2731 BA
1; 2; 5; 6; 8; 15; 17; 21;			1; 2; 6; 7; 9; 10; 13;		
23	2	"	18 and 23	6	"
8; 9; 13 and 16	3	"	1; 2; 19; 20 and 21	8	5633 CL
11; 2 and 22	4	"	2	11	"

Each parcel will be offered for sale subject to the approval of the Minister of Municipal Affairs, and is subject to a reserve bid and to the reservations contained in the existing certificates of title.

Terms, cash.

Redemption may be effected by payment of all arrears of taxes and costs, at any time prior to the sale.

Dated at Chinook, Alberta, this 24th day of July, 1941.

C. A. WITHELL
Secretary-Treasurer.

CEREAL A.I.A. GARDEN SHOW

In connection with the garden competition which was held this summer by the Cereal A.I.A., a garden show and field day will be held on Sept. eleventh at the farm of Mr. E. J. Caskey, 28 28 25. This year all A.I.A. members, regardless of whether they were entered in the garden competition or not, will be eligible to exhibit their garden produce and flowers.

Prize lists may be obtained upon request from C. Baird, Secretary-Treasurer, and all entries must be in by 11 o'clock on Sept. 11, when the annual meeting will be held.

Ladies bring lunch.



From all stations in Ontario (Port Arthur, Armstrong, and West), Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, to Points in Eastern Canada (Port Arthur, Armstrong and East).

Stopovers allowed. Children, 5 years and under, 12, half fare. Good in all classes of accommodation.

SIMILAR LOW FARES FROM EAST TO WEST.

Attractive meals at moderate cost in the Dining Car. Less expensive Dining Car meals served at your seat in day coaches and tourist sleeping cars.

Full information from nearest Agent.

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CANADIAN NATIONAL

GO 50/50 WITH OUR FIGHTING FORCES



REMEMBER: The slower you drive, the more you save!

Give yourself and your service station man a break. Let him check up your car and put it in shape to save gasoline. It gives him needed work and helps you keep your 50/50 Pledge. Every gallon counts; so that not a drop is wasted; our Fighting Forces need all the gasoline they can get.

Share and Share your Gasoline for VICTORY!



HARVEST TIME SPECIALS

Aylmer Pumpkin	per tin	15c
Broder's Sweet Corn	per tin	14c
Breast of Tuna Fish	per tin	19c
Libby's Spinach	per tin	15c
Union Pure Lard	11 lbs.	\$1.00
Empress Crabapple Jelly	4 lb. tin	54c
Empress Blackberry Jam	4 lb. tin	65c
Classic Cleanser	2 tins	15c

Oil Cans, Bolts, Washers
Rivets, Canvas Staples
Fork Handles
Gasolines, Oils and Greases

BANNER HARDWARE AND GROCERY

I. H. C. & John Deere

IMPLEMENTS and REPAIRS

Maple Leaf FUELS, Oils & Greases

ELECTRIC & ACETYLENE Welding

FARM SUPPLIES

COOLEY BROS.

Chinook, Alta.

Phone 10

Chinook Meat Market

Fresh & Cured Meats and Fish

Swifts and Burns well known brands of Hams and Bacons


Hides and Horsehair bought at market prices.

Chick Starter for Baby Chicks

Chick Scratch Feed for older Chicks.

Phone No. 4

J. C. Bayley Prop.



"It DOES taste good in a pipe!"

HANDY SEAL-TIGHT POUCH—15¢
1/2-LB. "LOK-TOP" TIN—65¢
also packed in Pocket Tins

Picobac

GROWN IN SUNNY SOUTHERN ONTARIO

An Important Role

Grubbing around in an attic or basement amid the dust and dirt to ferret out old garments which can be rehabilitated, ancient furniture and articles of all sorts which can be patched and made to look like new for re-sale, or scraps of metal and wiring which may be turned back to industry for reconversion into valuable materials may not be spectacular, but it will hasten the day when the armed forces of paganism will be overwhelmed and will actually play an important role in winning the war.

It may not seem very heroic to turn over that junk pile in the farm yard to sort out scrap iron and metallic waste, to save bones and rags and waste, yet men and women, and even children who are doing these very things are performing a very real and patriotic service for their country. They are doing something that is vital and essential for the winning of the war. They are backing the more spectacular work of the fighting forces in the field and of the men and women who are turning out the finished products of warfare in factory and workshop. They are providing some of the materials needed to manufacture bombs and ships and planes and many of the commodities they resurrect and restore to industrial use helps to conserve materials which are difficult to obtain or of which there is an acute shortage.

No, the salvage campaign which is now being prosecuted throughout the length and breadth of the land is not spectacular but it is highly important, and as the war lengthens out into the months and the years, its importance will become increasingly apparent. Hence, the necessity for continued effort. Hence the necessity for conserving for use, man, machine and much material which in times of peace have been regarded as junk and waste.

Unsung and Unheralded

There are many unrecognized and unsung heroes and heroines of the home-front national salvage campaign. The story of one of them, Mrs. Percy Gilbert of Moncton, New Brunswick, is worth repeating as an inspiration to all Canadians who have not yet appreciated what salvage can mean to the war effort, or who have been too apathetic to the call to salvage for victory.

To quote a release from the National Salvage Office: "Even before Canada's national salvage campaign got under way, Mrs. Gilbert realized the value of salvage. She knew that a ton of scrap metal would make a lot of bullets and bombs. She knew that a ton of waste paper was potential raw material for war industry. She knew the processing steps that were saved when rags were turned back to industry."

"Mrs. Gilbert was fired by enthusiasm, but it was an enthusiasm sadly lacking among Moncton citizens. Interest was low. Skepticism was high. So Mrs. Gilbert set out to do the job alone. She managed to get an old garage from the city fathers for a salvage headquarters. She canvassed homes for old clothing, newspapers, metal and utensils, lead wrappings—anything useful to war industries, anything that had resuscitated value. She sorted and piled and stored all contributions she managed to get to the old garage. She filled up the headquarters and tried to look for additional space."

Eventually she progressed so far in her work, despite difficulties and handicaps, that she over-burdened herself and appealed to the Moncton service clubs to come to her assistance to move salvage items which were beyond her limited physical powers. The former sceptics were amazed at what one small, unassuming housewife had done. The rallying call went out to an ashamed but pleased citizenry. And now Moncton is right in the van of the salvage drive in New Brunswick."

The Impress of Thrift

While furtherance of the war effort was the main, in fact, the sole objective of the national salvage campaign, its benefits are going to last after the war is over. Already the campaign has resulted in the establishment of new industries devoted to reconditioning for sale to individuals for re-use articles which have been discovered in the hunt for salvage and which are of greater value than if turned back to industry as secondary material.

As a result shops, whose job it is to select, repair and display things like clothing, costume jewellery, bric-a-brac are springing up all over the Dominion in the wake of the national salvage campaign. These shops raise more money for war purposes from selling specific pieces of salvage than if these articles were reconverted as secondary materials. The articles are retained in service and ultimately will become salvage and command another price on their way back to industry. Thus, an industry which was in existence to a very limited extent before the salvage campaign got under way is, as a result of it, being extended to a very substantial degree and this industry will continue in operation as a commercial venture after the war, by which time people will have become thoroughly accustomed to turning in old or disused articles.

Thus, thrift, an old fashioned virtue which had become outmoded will again become popular and will serve a valuable purpose in the post-war adjustment and at a time when it will be needed.

Aluminum Rivets

Dry Ice Keeps Them Soft And Warmth Hardest Thon

Unlike ice cream, aluminum rivets, used in constructing airplanes stay soft and in good driving condition when kept very cold. As soon as they are completed the rivets are rushed to a room refrigerated with "dryice" (solid carbon dioxide). When the rivets are in place and warm they are hard.

Even if Germany were to defeat Russia, it would be found difficult to occupy all of the country, containing one-seventh of the land surface of the planet.

A fur can be identified by an expert by examining the scales on a single hair under a microscope.

FEMALE PAIN

Women who suffer painful, irregular periods with nervous, moody spells due to fluid build-up, should find Lydia's Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a reliable means to relieve such distress. Pinkham's Compound is especially designed to help weak, tired women get on smiling thru difficult days. Over 1,000,000 women have reported amazing benefits. WELL WORTH TRYING!

Patience Is Required

Getting Away From Lisbon To America Is Hard Task

"A small, shy man leered confidentially across the desk at the United States Consulate at Lisbon and asked: 'Please, sir, is there any possibility that I could get entrance into your wonderful country?'"

The Attache, pressed by thousands of such pleas and haggard with sleepless nights, replied roughly: "Impossible now. Come back in ten years." The little refugee moved toward the door, stopped, turned and asked with a wan smile: "Morning or afternoon?" — London Sunday Sketch.

Russian Girls Build Ships

Russian women and girls are building and repairing ships, having learned in a few weeks work which everyone had thought could be done only by men, an official of the Soviet shipbuilding industry said in a broadcast of the Moscow radio heard in London.

The Canadian gold dollar contains 23.22 grains of gold.

Ontario's 1939 production of silver amounted to 629,891 ounces.

No Friends Left

Rudolf Hess Was Last And Now Hitler Is Alone

In this article the London Evening Standard tells how de Fuehrer has murdered friendship:

There is an old German song of the last war. It goes, "I had a comrade, a better never was." Adolf Hitler and Rudolf Hess have sung it together a thousand times. For their friendship began in the trenches, and from that day they shared together every circumstance in the rise of the Nazi party, every defeat and every victory. "I had a comrade" was the favorite song for celebrations.

Not so many others joined in these carousals with the same generous intimacy. Perhaps only half a dozen. Captain Roehm was a member of the circle. He had found Hitler in the gutter and gave him his first chance. He worshipped the Fuehrer; even after they had quarrelled, his allegiance was not broken. In 1930 he was acting as military adviser in Bolivia. A message came from Hitler inviting him to return to Germany and take charge of the storm troopers. Within 24 hours he was on his way. He did the job, raised a street army of 600,000 men, lifted the Fuehrer to absolute power—and was struck down dead in a Munich prison yard for his pains.

Karl Ernst was another comrade. He was young, enthusiastic, doglike in his faith. He did not let it even in the hour of his death. He was still shouting "Heil Hitler," when they shot him. For he truly believed that only rebels against the Fuehrer would dare or desire to touch a hair of his head.

One by one they went. Only Rudolf Hess was left. The rest were known for what they were, ambitious, self-seeking men who would stand by their Fuehrer, not so much through personal affection, but just as long as it served their interest. Who could make a friend of Goebbels? He was too useful to lose. He had not once proposed that Hitler should be expelled from the party? Goering must be watched, too. The rumor always was that he had a fancy for the crown himself. Party Comrade Hess was the last and the best.

He is gone now. The Fuehrer has garnered victories and vast conquests. He can have all the pomp and parades that he wants. He is cheered by vast multitudes, but he is still alone. Friendship has been murdered.

To Join British Forces

Trek Of Norwegian Youths Predicted By Viking Leaders

A steady trek of thousands of Norwegians and United States youths of Norse descent into Canada, rallying to the side of Britain's fighting forces, is predicted by a Norwegian military mission now in Halifax.

En route from Washington to central Canada where they hope to establish army training centres, the Viking leaders look upon the United States as "a great reservoir" for the forces training in Canada.

In addition, they said, there are hundreds of highly trained and daring men, ex-soldiers from Norway, who would join the centres here. One member, a captain who would not disclose his name for fear of reprisals against his family in Norway, said nearly all the officers of the Norwegian air force had escaped to continue the fight against Nazism.

Depends On Intent

Whether Certain Words Used Could Be Classed As Profane

H. V. O'Brien, in the Chicago Daily News, says: What makes language "bad" is its intent. I think, for example, of the clergyman I once knew who, when he missed a shot on the golf course, was wont to exclaim: "Oh pump-handle!"

Now as an epithet, "pump-handle" is certainly innocuous enough, but when considered in the light of the circumstances, it becomes a rich and fruity oath. There was nothing about "pump-handle" to offend the most sensitive; but in Heaven, where the score is accurately kept, that clergyman got a black mark chalked up against him. As Heaven heard the word, it was blackly profane—as black as any ever uttered by an unregenerate who has just missed a two-foot putt.

A hippopotamus is capable of a four-foot yawn.



ROLL MORE CIGARETTES WITH DAILY MAIL CIGARETTE TOBACCO

Was Almost Unsinkable

Bismarck Came Very Close To Naval Architects' Dream

It has sometimes been said that the dream of a naval architect, or any marine architect for that matter, is to devise an unsinkable ship. A workshop, of course, has to run the risk of "heavy" sounding from shells and torpedoes as well as the ordinary risks of the sea. German naval designers are believed to have felt they had produced the unsinkable ship when they drew up plans for the Bismarck, and it was in the belief that the Bismarck could not be sunk by anything that might be fired at her that the German Admiralty sent her out into the Atlantic to do her worst.

According to German announcements she was of 35,000 tons, and it suited their purposes to make that known. Naval men, however, knew nearer 50,000 tons with heavy armor. Putting all the evidence and data together, they are of opinion to-day that the supposed unsinkability of the Bismarck was due to the building-in of about 135 watertight compartments all the way down. No such ship had ever been designed before the highest British and American battleships only having about 25. British seamen report that the big ship took terrific punishment from the air and from a whole fleet of big, medium and small craft. About 35 torpedoes hit the Bismarck from the air and from destroyers and cruisers before her amazing defenses were overcome. If the George V, one of Britain's biggest ships, were attacked, it is estimated that she could be sunk if hit by eight or nine torpedoes.

Judged by these standards the most powerful warships in the British and American navies would be obsolete and no match for ships of the Bismarck type. It was fortunate that an aerial torpedo hit the Bismarck and disabled her steering gear. That, apparently, was her "Achilles heel."

Fortunately, too, Germany has only one other ship of the Bismarck type—the Tirpitz. If the Tirpitz ever emerges into the sea, no doubt she will be made, to one day, the concentrated night of the Royal Navy will be needed to sink her.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

SELECTED RECIPES

SOUP CREAM MUFFINS

1 cup soup
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup sour cream
1/2 cup molasses
2 tablespoons water
1 egg beaten
1 cup all-bran
Sift together flour, soda and salt. Combine cream, molasses, water and egg. Add to dry ingredients. Stir until all-bran. Fill well greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 20 to 25 minutes.
Yield: 18 muffins (2 1/4 inches in diameter).

BREAD SPICE MUFFINS

2 cups all-bran
1/2 cup light molasses
1/2 cup milk
1 egg
1 cup flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon
1/2 cup butter
15 thin slices raw apple or other fruit
Cinnamon and sugar mixture. Add all-bran to molasses and milk and allow to soak for 15 minutes. Beat egg and add to first mixture. Add butter, soda and spices together and combine with all-bran mixture. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full. Bake in moderate oven (400 degrees F.) about 20 minutes.
Yield: 15 muffins (2 1/4 inches in diameter).

Useful Reminders

Will Be Helpful If You Have A Pet Cat

Our Dumb Animals gives a few pointers to remember about a pet. Don't fail to keep fresh water for your cat at all times; milk is not a substitute for water. Don't forget that cats are very easily poisoned by antiseptics, soaps or medicines that are harmless to human beings or dogs. Tar, soaps containing carbolic acid, gasoline, turpentine or any poisons containing these things may be fatal to a cat.

Enlightening Answer

"Is it very far to the next village?" a man was walking in the country asked a roadmender.

"Well, 'tain't as far as that," was the reply. "It seems further'n it, but it ain't."

"It appears they are short of coffee in England," said the German school teacher.

"What is coffee?" asked a pupil.

"It appears they are short of coffee in England," said the German school teacher.

"What is coffee?" asked a pupil.

Santa Claus is known as Father Frost in Russia.

2426



27 R.A.F. FREE PHOTOS

ALL THE LATEST PICTURES

Mail only two Durham Corn Starch labels for each picture. Send your name, address, and pictures requested—enclose necessary labels and mail to the St. Lawrence Starch Co., Limited, Port Credit, Ont.

To start, select from the "Flying Torpedo"—"Blitz Rocket"—"Lightning"—"Defiant"—"Spitfire"—

DURHAM CORN STARCH

Happens Every August

Shower Of Perseid Meteors First Recorded In 830 A.D.

The annual August meteor shower, the Tears of St. Lawrence or Perseid meteors, is over once more.

These are the meteors which never have failed to appear for 1110 years straight. They probably were visible in mid-summer long before that but were recorded first in scientific records in 830 A.D.

Before midnight, you have to look to the northeast to see them; after midnight, right overhead. They fall at a rate of about 30 an hour.

They are shaped like tear drops, which is the reason the Irish long ago called them "Tears of St. Lawrence's Tears."

They are grains of dust that travelling at about 40 miles a second they dash brilliantly as they consume in the friction of the upper air. They burn at about 50 miles altitude.

These bits of dust circle the sun in an ellipse so vast that the meteors take 108 years for a single circuit. They are supposed to be a continuous stream of meteor dust whose width is estimated variously from 3,000,000 to 15,000,000 miles.

The astronomical guess is that they are what is left of some ancient comet which disintegrated and during almost countless years spread its dust in a continuous stream around the sun.

Could Intercept Pigeons

American Curator Thinks German Officers May Be Using Falcons

George C. Goodwin, associate curator of mammalogy at the American Museum of Natural History and an expert falconer, said it is probable the United States army can use the deadly hawk to disrupt enemy communications maintained by carrier pigeon.

In fact, he said he wondered if the German army were not using falcons now. Goering is an expert falconer, and Goodwin displayed a falconry magazine published in Germany in 1938 which pictured German officers carrying falcons.

A falconer since his boyhood in England and the owner of two birds, Goodwin said "there is no doubt that before modern invention made possible radio and field telephones, pigeons were used to a much greater extent than now and that falcons were used to intercept them."

Work By Moonlight

"Moonlight glimmers" to salvage gliders from bombed buildings will be at work soon in London as part of the ministry of supply plans to intensify the scrap metal drive. Labor, transport and machinery will be recruited in an effort to salvage every usable piece of scrap metal before the fall.

Britain Wants Eggs

Britain requires much larger supplies of Canadian eggs in 1941-42. Two eggs more per month for every hen should be the objective of every Canadian egg producer.

A pound of white bread and butter will affect the waistline more noticeably than four pounds of potatoes, according to dietitians.

Save LEFT-OVERS with

Appleford's Pesto Pack

WAXED TISSUE

MORE CONVENIENT TO USE...

Just bring a package in your kitchen. You'll be delighted with its convenience... for, with one hand, you can easily wrap a package and with the other hand free as hold the "left-over" being wrapped.

Appleford PAPER PRODUCTS LIMITED

WAREHOUSES at Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver.

New Powerful Explosive

According To Scientists It Has Terrific Destroying Power

John J. O'Neill, president of the National Association of Science Writers, charged that the United States government had "clapped a censorship" on laboratories developing an element which if contained in a 10-pound bomb "would blast a hole 25 miles in diameter and more than a mile deep, and would wreck every structure within 100 miles."

The science editor of the New York Herald-Tribune asserted in an address at the Houstons Valley conference that the administration "is staging a totalitarian revolution against the American people."

He said scientists recently had discovered the method of releasing energy from the uranium atom, and after attributing terrific destructive power to a 10-pound missile of uranium 235, asked:

"Can we trust our politicians and war makers with a weapon like that? The answer is, no. Nevertheless our politicians have taken over control of scientists who have been working on the application and control of this discovery and are driving them to develop it for war uses."

"They have clapped a censorship in the scientific laboratories where this work is being done and no scientist dares to discuss what he is doing."

Wrote Her Own Speech

Queen Elizabeth Knew What Message To Give American Women

Queen Elizabeth's message to American women was so happily phrased that it could not fail to be an emotional response in all who heard it. As became an heiress of Scottish tradition she did not fail to make an appropriate reference to Holy Writ. The parable of the Good Samaritan admirably served her purpose.

"It gives us strength," she said to the women of America, "to know that you have not been content to pass us by on the other side. To us, in the time of our tribulation, you have surely shown that compassion which has been for two thousand years the mark of the good neighbor."

It is said that the Queen wrote her own speech without consulting anyone except her two secretaries. This was just as well. This was women's business; it required no clumsy hand from the Cabinet to carry it forward. Her Majesty evidently needs no politician to tell her what, in such matters, is diplomatic. Her brief address was as tactful as it was gracious.—New York Sun.

It's a poor brand of religion that makes a man pray for his neighbors one day in the week and try to cheat them the other six days.



10 PACKAGE GIVES YOU MORE SMOKES

DAILY MAIL Cigarette Tobacco



Save LEFT-OVERS with Appleford's Pesto Pack WAXED TISSUE

MORE CONVENIENT TO USE...

Just bring a package in your kitchen. You'll be delighted with its convenience... for, with one hand, you can easily wrap a package and with the other hand free as hold the "left-over" being wrapped.

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"FEEL EVER SO MUCH
BETTER SINCE I'VE BEEN
EATING KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN"



"I suffered from constipation for some time, and tried all kinds of medicine, but relief lasted only a short time. Finally I tried ALL-BRAN, and I never so much better since eating this delicious cereal every morning," writes H. Mason, St. Francis Village, Que. KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN helps you get at the cause of constipation due to lack of the right kind

of "bulk" in the diet. Eat this delicious cereal (or try it in muffins) every day and drink plenty of water. But remember, it doesn't work like harsh purgatives. ALL-BRAN takes time. At your grocer's, in two convenient size packages in individual serving packages at restaurants. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

DAUGHTER OF DESTINY

—BY—
Eleanor Atterbury Colton

CHAPTER XXI.

After that tele-a-tete supper in his handsome apartment, Jose Macias seemed only to be waiting for Devona to break. His kindnesses, his thoughtful attentions, his every gesture only reassured her that the menace, if temporarily withdrawn, was an ever-present threat.

Steeling herself, she matched wits with him, returned smile for smile, gave not an inch in her defense. Careful to try to please him through pleasing his patrons, she daily, hourly, made herself indispensable to his business. Her smiling, gracious manners, her rapidly growing repertoire of songs, her varied and elaborate costumes—part of her desperate effort to insure this job.

It wasn't long before the suspicion, planted the first time she looked into the secret wall safe hidden in his office, grew life-sized and intriguing. Something strange, some secret activity absorbed Jose Macias. She was sure of it. Something from which he profited huge sums. Something that had little or no connection with the El Mexicano.

Flushed and excited, or depressed and acridly bitter—his very moods were a barometer. Always the result of some mysterious telephone call, a hurried trip, alone, in the powerful coupe. If once she learned just what was behind all this mysterious coming and going—that might prove the solution to her problem!

But she did learn the combination to the safe. Macias often insisted she wear the lovely mantilla and the jeweled comb. And just as often, she insisted the valuable ornaments be returned to the wall safe.

Once, she'd set her mind to it, it was simple to watch, to listen—without appearing to do so—as he turned the dial. Around three times, back twice, around again, back half-way. Not that she'd ever have occasion to use that interesting bit of information. Macias seldom left his office unlocked. Still, there was no harm in knowing. And perhaps some advantage.

Soon, however, her curiosity concerning Macias was brushed aside by a deeper, more compelling emotion. Once again, a newspaper item, a picture of Dale Brasher, a glaring headline thrust that too-familiar image back into her conscious mind. This time, the headline taunted her from the news rack in her hotel lobby.

YOUNG ASSISTANT D. A. LAUNCHES CAMPAIGN TO CLEAN CITY

Devona dug a coin from her purse, snatched the paper from the rack, her eyes racing over the fine print. "Young Dale Brasher, assistant to Los Angeles County District Attorney Martin, set underworld chiefs looking to their defenses this week when his raid on the Ling Wang Lai Restaurant netted him real evidence in his war on the city's dope rings."

Dale hadn't missed this time! She flushed with pride in spite of herself. He would succeed. He was bound to. Hungry, she studied the poorly printed photograph, read every word in the long column. The city needed clean-cut, ambitious, fearless young men like Dale Brasher, the staff applauded in a challenging editorial. The city was proud of this stalwart young hero and should do everything possible to assist and protect him in the dangerous fight he'd undertaken.

Protect him! The words leaped at her from the page. And with his every successful step, Dale was prob-

ably in increasing danger. Some hiring, some wild bullet, even an accidental shot from the gun of a co-worker—Dale's life might be sacrificed any moment.

But day by day, the mounting evidence of Dale's success piled high in every edition of the daily papers. Los Angeles awarded to the importance of his fight, cheered from the sidelines.

He was succeeding magnificently, she realized, thrilled but—and anxiously rose again—at what terrible cost? Probably hundreds of people deprived of every money heated Dale Brasher. It would only take one to put Dale out of the way.

One evening, as Devona sat as usual at a small, half-hidden table eating her early dinner, Macias crossed the deserted dining room to join her. He'd taken to dropping into the opposite chair, very often lately. His manner always casual, his courtesy unflagging, his intentions unmistakable!

"If you see are interested in our young friend's crusade," he smiled when he'd given his order to the waiter hovering solicitously. "Been doing a wonderful job, hasn't he?"

Because of the jealousy rising quickly into those black eyes, Devona tried to say casually, "Yes, marvelous. I only hope he doesn't lose his life in the process."

Macias nodded. "The boy has been lucky so far. He'll probably get it before he's through, though. He's too deep, I'm afraid."

"Looks like it," she forced lightning into her tone, deliberately changed the subject lest her tell-tale anxiety betray her.

But, a moment later when she glanced across the big dining room, recognized Dale's well-proportioned height, actually looked squarely into his face, her own cheeks blushed.

"Speaking of the devil," she managed flippantly, diverting Macias' attention with a little nod. "There's Brasher now. Probably looking for you."

"So it is." Pushing back his chair, Macias rose, crossed smiling to meet him. Dale looked tired, she thought, watching the two men shake hands. Tired and much thinner. Once he glanced over Macias' shoulder, looked squarely at her for a moment.

But—as if she were only part of the furnishings, he glanced away again, indifferently. Not even a nod of recognition.

From the corner of her eyes, she saw them disappear into Macias' private office now.

"Smatter! Swallow a fish bone?" Grinning, Manuel lounged into the chair Macias had just left. "Or did you and the big boss have a lover's quarrel?"

"No, silly. Why?"

"I don't know how you get away with it, at that," he went on frankly.

"Now the last dame Macias had here—Freda Camp, you know—ever seen her?"

Devona shook her head.

"She hangs around here a lot—that is until Macias gets really sore and kicks her out again. She's nuts about him. And not bad-looking either. Or she wasn't! Poor kid."

"Why? What happened?"

"Oh, she came in to the big city from her old man's ranch all blond and blue-eyed and ambitious to be big stuff. And she falls for Macias' dark-eyed romances like a ton of ripe fruit. Macias got tired of her, of course. Now she's all washed up."

"But the little dope still sticks around, hoping for another break. I don't see how they figure to come ahead, these dames. But they do. Every time." He grinned, pulled himself out of his chair.

A moment later, Manuel passed her table again, whispered hoarsely, "There's Freda now—the blond babe at Diego's first table. See her? She'll wait for a chance to snag Macias. You watch. Probably out of dough again."

Across the room at one of the side-wall tables, a small woman with hard blue eyes much too large for her pinched white face, slipped a drink slowly. Her suit was several seasons old, her furs shabby, her

make-up too obvious. Macias' cast-off girl friend, Devona watched the girl's transparent attempts at nonchalance, her pathetic eagerness every time the door to Macias' office opened.

When he finally did come out, said goodbye to Dale, the girl's attitude turned definitely jaunty. Then, as Macias passed her table, her rouged lips curved into a smile, her eyes half-closed as if with charming boredom. She intercepted him with a little laugh, a hand laid lightly against his arm.

Macias' automatic smile turned instantly to a dark scowl as he muttered something, jerked his head toward the door. Then, deliberately, he brushed her hand from his arm, stalked off.

Only when the thin figure had disappeared, did Devona realize she'd been holding her breath, that the tragic little drama she had just witnessed had taken only a few moments to enact, and that—if she lived a century, she'd never forget the passionate despair etched deep into that stricken young-old face.

There—Devona realized with sudden, awful intuition—but for the grace of good luck and a few wits, might he herself! A mistake, a chance mistake, a tell-tale glance—her own security hung on so slim a thread.

Restlessly, and to get away from her own thoughts, Devona wandered toward the cocktail lounge, where a crowd was already gathering about the long bar.

It was too early to begin the Troubadour's serenading. It was too early to be needed as hostess or dancing partner. Still, she moved aimlessly through the room. Aimlessly, and yet as if drawn by some invisible thread, she crossed directly toward him—toward a tall, familiar figure standing alone near the end of the bar, drinking his old-fashioned with calm dispatch. Dale!

He saw her at almost the same instant. Their glances met, clung like high-voltage wires. Then he bowed—stiff, formal little gesture as definitely final as Macias' scowling shrug of a moment ago.

Furious at herself for having given him this chance to snub her, Devona returned his nod frostily, and left the room before the pandemonium that had broken loose inside her, showed in her own stricken face.

And later that night alone in her room, she railed at herself stormily. Why did she let it hurt so? Why did she care? Why was she spineless enough to care for a man who, selfish, heartless, unscrupulous, merited only her scorn?

On impulse, she burrowed under the pile of handkerchiefs, found the newspaper photograph, tore it into a hundred jagged fragments. Raising her one window, she flung the white shower out into the darkness.

(To Be Continued)

Of course, with no more Sunday driving, there would be no more Sunday drivers. They can, however, go back to changing coats in canoes.

The territory under direct supervision of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police is as large as the whole of Europe.

WOUNDED FINN AIDED BY RUSSIANS



The Moscow caption on this photo radiated from the Soviet capital says Red army men are aiding a wounded Finn in Sulva Salmela. This is the first photo from the Finnish sector to reach this continent from the Russian side of the line.

HEALTHFUL!



Enjoy its delicious genuine peppermint flavor after every meal...relieves that stuffy feeling...helps keep teeth clean, bright and attractive...breath pleasant.

GET SOME TODAY!

The Greatest Fisherman

Squadron Of The R.A.F. Found Him In North Africa

"London Calling" gives us this story: As far back as the oldest stratum in a desert squadron of the R.A.F. could remember, it had had nothing in the way of food that had not come out of a tin. But, close at hand, the blue Mediterranean lapped the sands of the North African coast. With a sudden flash of insight, one or two of the more astute minds grasped the fact that this blue water, Mussolini's very own Mare Nostrum, could solve the problem of gastronomic monotony.

They got the lines, made hooks, opened tins for bait and fished assiduously, with watering teeth, for hours on end. The fish snifled at the bait, sneered, and swam off.

It was, therefore, somewhat tough on the fish that an R.A.F. V.R. Officer, a one-time Kenya gold miner, was working nearby, heading trenches out of the rock with H.B. "fishes" he said, "I'll get you some fish."

Next day he was seen walking down to the beach with a number of beer bottles in his hand and a posse of stout swimmers at his heels. The bottle contained H.B. and fuses. Shortly afterwards there was a dull rumble, the sea heaved slightly, the swimmers plunged in and returned with shoals of stunned fish in their arms.

There was fresh fish for every body that night. The toast in the Mess was: "To the greatest fisherman the R.A.F. has ever known."

Because of a great medley of tongues, the artificial language Esperanto is much used in the Russian city of Odessa.

All Russia On Guard

People In Small Towns Are Helping To Fight Nazis

Millions of people, says a Russian communique, now, guard factories, plants, mines, power stations and farms, collective and individual against German spies and diversionists who might have landed by parachute or otherwise got behind the lines.

Several German planes flew by night near a small town and two shepherds saw German parachutists descending, the communique said. One of them hid himself to watch while the other mounted a horse and rode to the nearest army post. Army men wiped out the entire detachment, it was said.

A woman collective farmer, working in a field, saw an armed stranger come out of the woods nearby, the communique said. The stranger approached her and asked her about the roads to villages and towns around, and about state farms and cattle breeding stations.

The woman pretended to be deaf, the communique said. She forced the German to shout so loud in questioning her, and replied so lustily herself, that another woman farmer on the other side of a clump of bushes, was warned and ran to the village Soviet.

Collective farmers and members of the local "extermination squad" gathered and went to the farm. The German fired, the communique said, but he was disarmed and turned over to soldiers.

Courage Had Courage

Commander Of British Destroyer Awarded Bar To His D.S.C.

Commander Rafe Edward Courage, D.S.O., D.S.C., Commander of the destroyer Havock, has been awarded a bar to his D.S.C. "for courage and skill in a successful attack on an Italian submarine."

Commander Courage commanded the Havock at the first Battle of Narvik. After saving his ship he sailed for home and leave to find that his young wife, Irene, had died suddenly.

Later Havock's commander signalled to Admiral Cunningham at the Battle of Matapan: "I am hanging on the stern of the Italian cruiser Pola. Shall I board her or blow her stern off with depth charges?" Overseas Daily Mail.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

MERIT

It is not what he has, nor even what he does, which directly expresses the worth of a man, but what he is.—Amiel.

Man's chief merit consists in resisting the impulses of his nature.—Samuel Johnson.

Good actions crown themselves with lasting rays.

Who deserves well, needs not another's praise.—Robert Heath.

Human merit or demerit will find its proper level. Divinity alone solves the problem of humanity, and that in God's own time. "By their fruits ye shall know them."—Mary Baker Eddy.

Life is continually weighing us in very sensitive scales, and telling every one of us precisely what his real weight is to the last grain of dust.—James Russell Lowell.

Merit is never so conspicuous as when coupled with an obscure origin, just as the moon never appears so lustrous as when it emerges from a cloud.—Bovee.

Report From South Africa

Shows Wonderful Work Done For Hospitals By Princess Alice

The memory of the work of Princess Alice, now of Rideau Hall, Ottawa, lives in the reports of hospital activities in this British Union of South Africa, where she resided from 1923 to 1931, when her husband, the Earl of Athlone, was Governor-General at Cape Town.

In an address recently on the hospital services of the Cape Peninsula, Capt. W. D. Hare, M.P., chairman of the Cape Hospital Board, said wonderful work was being done by the Princess Alice Home, where accommodation for an extra eighty beds was being provided by the Nuffield Trust.

Busy And Hot

Old Faithful geyser in Yellowstone National Park, which has been erupting on an average of every sixty-five and a half minutes for years, shoots from 10,000 to 12,000 gallons of scalding water about 150 feet at each eruption.

Nitroglycerine has an explosive force 13 times greater than that of commercial gunpowder. 2425



HOME SERVICE

BE UP IN YOUR ETIQUETTE
TO MAKE A HIT ON DATES



Errors Hint You Go Out Seldom

She's trying so hard to make an impression. But, knowing little of the etiquette of dating, what an awkward situation she's created.

It's the girl's place to suggest going home on a date or at a party, and if you just sit, waiting for the man to say the word, of course you embarrass him.

Men feel more at ease with the girl whose smooth manners show she's used to going places—and they feel prouder of her!

So, if you'd get your share of invitations, be up in etiquette. Don't have to hesitate when going into a movie theatre, entering a room, getting out of a car—because you aren't sure who should go first.

At the movie you go ahead of your beau at the ticket-taker's entrance, you are first to enter or leave a room—but the man always steps out of a car first.

Show you're used to little courtesies, too. When given a compliment, don't utter "You're kidding," but reply with a smiling "Thank you." Let your escort hail taxicabs, help you with your wraps, open doors for you.

From our 32-page booklet learn the correct thing for games, dates, dances and movies; for writing entertaining, motoring, and travelling. Discusses the petting question, office manners, interviewing.

Send 15c in coins for your copy of "Etiquette For Young Moderns" to Home Service Dept., Winnipeg Newspaper Union, 175 McDermott Ave. E., Winnipeg, Man.

The following books are also available at 15c each:

- 118—"Good Table Manners"
- 128—"The Meaning of Dreams"
- 145—"Home Course in New Ballroom Dances"
- 173—"Decorative and Useful Objects You Can Easily Make"
- 188—"Self-Instruction in Short-hand"
- 188—"Lessons in Guitar Playing"

Record Wheat Order

Will Give Britain Year's Supply Of 9,500,000 Loaves Daily

The United Kingdom's Ministry of Food, largest buyer of wheat in the world, has broken its own record with an order for 120,000,000 bushels (about 3,000,000 tons) placed with the Canadian Wheat Board.

The previous largest purchase was of 100,000,000 bushels, ordered by the Ministry last year. The new consignment is to be delivered during the 12 months ending May, 1942.

Reaching 565 4-bb loaves to the ton of wheat and using white flour of 75 per cent. extraction, this will provide Britain with 3,780,000,000 of the 2-bb loaves her housewives favor. There will also be 750,000 tons of wheat-feed in the form of bran, shorts and wheat germ meal, for Britain's dairy cows, beef cattle, pigs and poultry.

If the wheat is converted into 85 per cent. extraction national wheat-meal flour, 4,080,000,000 2-bb loaves would be produced but only 450,000 tons would be available for livestock feeding.

As Britain does not at present make more than ten loaves in every hundred from the higher extraction flour, a total of 3,480,200,000 loaves representing about 9,500,000 loaves a day for the 12 months is what Britain will obtain from this order.

Still Unvanquished

Czechs have been wrecking Nazi trains. Belgians have been staging demonstrations against the Germans. Norwegians have been so determined, Nazi police have had to be called to quit them. Yugoslavs are causing damage to German plans. These are just a few reports from Europe to show there are still some unvanquished hearts over there.



IMPOUNDED

Impounded in the pound kept by W.H. Davis, Chinook, N.E. 3/4 Sec. 36, Tp 27, Rge 8 W 4th;

1 Bay Stallion, Aged 3 years. Branded 1Y on left jaw.

RESTAURANT

Meals at all hours

FRESH OYSTERS

All Kinds Tobacco and Cigarettes

SOFT DRINKS and Confectionary

ICE CREAM

Mah Bros

For
DRAYING
Or
TRUCKING

Any Kind
Satisfaction
Guaranteed

ROBINSON
CARTAGE



CHINOOK UNITED CHURCH

Church Service 11:45 a.m.

Sunday School 10:30 a.m.

All are cordially invited to attend

CANADA
NEEDS YOU
ENLIST
NOW



TO DEFEND YOUR HOME

BUY Your Share IN A Warship

Not everyone can man a gun on a warship, or shoulder a rifle, or battle for his home and family in the grim warfare of the skies.

BUT — we can send our proxies to the front. We can take our savings, translate them into War Savings and march them off to take a vital place in the great wall of defence.

PUT YOUR SAVINGS ON ACTIVE
SERVICE NOW! — INVEST IN

WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES!

Donated by
BREWING INDUSTRY OF ALBERTA

THE WHOLE FAMILY CAN *Help* WIN THIS WAR



SCRAP METALS, RAGS, PAPER AND BONES

Dig in, everybody — and dig out all those items that can be turned into war production material. Get rid of all those 'old favorites' you've been hoarding around the house for years. You can do a big job of helping to win this war right at your own back door.

THE CHINOOK ADVANCE

ISSUED BY DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL WAR SERVICES

CLEAN OUT AND CLEAN UP ON HITLER!

FAREWELL PARTY IN HONOR OF W. J. GALLAUGHER

The evening of Wednesday, August 20, saw the ballroom of the Chinook Hotel crowded with friends gathered to bid au revoir to Walter Gallagher who has enlisted in the R.C.A.F.

The evening was spent in dancing, and a lunch was served at midnight. Mr. Barros then made a farewell speech on behalf of those present, to which Mr. Gallagher replied.

Dancing was then resumed, and continued until the party broke up at 2:30.

"V" CAMPAIGN UNDER WAY IN RAILWAY

With a spontaneous burst of enthusiasm, the "V" campaign is under way in the shops, roundhouse and yards of Canadian National Railways. There were no instructions from a local "Col. V. Britton" but "V" markings and the three dots, single dash are appearing wherever men congregate in shops, in the mess rooms and on notice boards. Most signs are done in chalk but in some instances waste material has been seized upon to form rough "V"s. The spontaneous campaign reached out to yards and roundhouses and some enthusiasts have even gone in for victory on locomotives.

R.C.A.F. RECRUITING OFFICER TO BE HERE SEPT. 3

Listed hereunder are the towns which an officer from the R.C.A.F. Recruiting Centre at Calgary will be visiting during the period stated below to interview persons desirous of enlisting in the R.C.A.F.

Empress	- Sept 2nd, from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.
Sibbald	- Sept 2nd, from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m.
Oyen	- Sept 3rd, from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.
Chinook	- Sept 3rd, from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m.
Youngstown	- Sept 4th, from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.
Scotfield	- Sept 4th, from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m.
Hanna	- Sept 5th, from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.
Craigmyle	- Sept 5th, from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m.
Delia	- Sept 6th, from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.

Chinook Hotel

A Home Away From Home

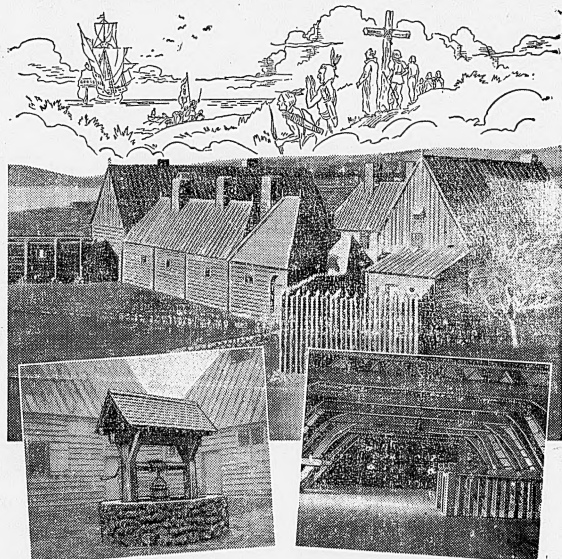
Try Our Meals

GOOD ROOMS

W.H. Barros

Prop.

FIRST CANADIAN FORT IS REBUILT



Nova Scotia went back more than 300 years for the plans which were used in reconstructing the Fort Royal Habitation, which housed the first Europeans to settle in America north of the Gulf of Mexico — and which was recently opened to the public by the Hon. T. A. Crerar, Minister of Mines and Resources. That famous fort, where Champlain instituted the Order of the Good Time, stands today as it did when hardy French explorers made it their headquarters in 1605.

The rambling log buildings, as much like the original as human ingenuity could make them, are the product of Nova Scotia craftsmen. Hand-hewn beams and floor boards are pegged into position; wrought-iron hinges hold the doors and solid shutters

in place, and other hand-worked iron is used for bars on the windows and decorative work. If it is possible for one place to be "more historic" than another, this one can be described only in superlatives. DeLonts and Champlain arrived in Annapolis Basin in 1604 and named it Port Royal. The Fort built in the following year was the scene of battle after battle between the French and English and had actually changed hands eight times by 1710 when it was finally captured by a strong expedition of New England troops from Boston. The name was changed to Annapolis Royal in honor of Queen Anne who then occupied the English throne.

The reconstruction of the ancient habitation at Annapolis Royal — to give it its modern name — has attracted wide at-

tention in Canada and the United States. Many individuals and organizations have donated old records, furnishings and other articles to lend to the authenticity of this famous site, 20 miles from Digby by Dominion Atlantic Railway. Digby is the western waterway entrance to Nova Scotia, connection with Saint John, N.B., being maintained by the S.S. Princess Helene. Other famous military structures still standing at Annapolis Royal include the ramparts of Fort Anne. The park, 28 acres in extent, includes a later French fort completed in 1707 and captured in 1710, and the officers' quarters erected by the British a few years later. Layout shows the Fort Royal Habitation; the well house, and a view showing the care with which the hand-hewn beams were put in place.